The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

Author of "Norman Holt," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Fort Frayne," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

McKinnon, wrote certain townsfolk to Fred's general, had so lost caste in the community that he had determined on a war record to rehabilitate himself, and was now seeking the lieutenant-colonelcy of a new regiment being raised in their midst. What with bad news from Schenck and Milroy, falling back on Fremont after a thrashing at the Bull Pasture, a deep disappointment over McClellan's being held an entire month in front of Yorktown and a feeling that we were getting rather the worst of the grapple on the peninsula, the atmosphere about the war department was gloomy enough the day the young officer arrived.

In the ante-room, with officers, orderlies and messengers grouped about or coming and going, sat the long, lanky and phenomenally solemn Virginian he had first seen that night at the stone house on the Warrenton pike. Jennings knew the newcomer at a glance and, springing up, shook him effusively by the hand. A moment later an officer appeared at another door and beckoned Benton to enter. "What do you know about that man?" was the very first question propounded the instant the door closed behind him.

"Nothing," said Benton, "except that he was at the stone house, in trouble with some of our brigade the first time I saw him—seemed to be well known to Dr. Chilton and other Virginians, and later was with the Sixth Wisconsin the afternoon they captured Maj. Lounsberry."

"But—how about papers—information—concerning our forces that he received that night? You were captured while grappling with the cavalry officer who brought them."

"I?" cried Benton. "Good heavens!" And then stood dumb, for all on a sudden it flashed over him. Rosalie! Rosalie, who had so inexplicably donned Ladue's uniform, ventured down through the darkness to the pike, seeking some one at the stone house. Rosalie, who had refused to tell what influence prompted that apparently reckless escapade! Papers? Information concerning our movements? Why, what sense was there in her taking all that risk when at that very moment our pickets were falling back before Stuart's triumphant advance—when all but a few of the guard had already disappeared from the Henry place—when by midnight or at the latest at dawn she was almost sure to be again in touch with her own friends and kindred? All this and more flashed through his mind as he stood there in the dark little office, with his interrogator impatiently facing him, and two other officials looking up at him from a paper-littered table, much impressed, evidently, by the significance of his silence and embarrassment.

"Yes," sharply repeated the first speaker, "papers and, doubtless, valuable information. You saw them pass to Jennings, as he calls himself, did you not?"

"I saw nothing of the kind!" answered Benton, inexpressibly relieved that as yet, at least, he had had no occasion to speak of her. "Indeed," he went on, eagerly, "I was too busy trying to get out of the scrape to think of Jennings at all. I made a jump for my horse and was in a hand-to-hand fight in two seconds. I never knew what become of Jennings."

"You remember Sergt. Miller, do you not?"

"I remember a sergeant—an Indiana sergeant, and a very keen one who was there, but I feared he and his party were killed or captured."

"Some of them were," said the examining officer, grimly, "but Miller dived into the bushes, made his way through the darkness and escaped. He declares he saw the young rebel officer toss the packet to Jennings and heard him cry, 'For Gen. Armisted—to-night—sure!' And now here is Jennings begging to be allowed to see two prisoners—Maj. Lounsberry and the young Virginian, Pelham, who was wounded protecting him the day you were rescued. He brings a note from the president. Look here!" and taking a scrap of paper from his desk the staff officer held it forth for Benton's inspection. It was brief and to the point:

"The bearer, Mr. Jennings, has been of service and asks to see two friends—prisoners—Maj. Lounsberry and Trooper Pelham. I shall be glad if opportunity can be given him.

"(Signed) A. LINCOLN."

Benton read and looked up inquiringly. "I, too, should like to see them—Lounsberry, at least," said he, with eyes that kindled and lips that set, "but not as a prisoner. I have a score to settle with that gentleman. When does Mr. Jennings go?"

"Can't say. The secretary said no emphatically—not until matters were explained. It was thought you might settle it one way or another before we questioned him." And the officer was manifestly disappointed, and still he persisted. "You heard nothing about him?—Dr. Chilton never spoke of him while you were at Charlottesville?"

"I cannot recall his ever doing so—except casually. But Judge Armistead, not the general, was there at Gainesville. My belief is that Gen. Armistead was not near Manassas when I was taken. Miller must have misunderstood."

"Well," said the officer, finally, "I'm sorry we had to trouble you, but the secretary thought you would know more of this suspected stranger. Gen. McDowell trusted him, we fear, too much, and as you are to see the president we thought you might open his eyes if the fellow were playing a double game. I dare say you know people sometimes impose on the president," and here the captain smiled, whimsically, "and that's why when he could issue these things as an order, he won't. He thinks it wiser to let the secretary handle matters of the kind. Now, your general, Mr. Benton, is being accused of having southern leanings because he has been protecting southern property there about Fredericksburg."

"Some defenseless women, left all alone, asked for guards and got them," answered Benton, stoutly. "I shouldn't wonder if their lords and masters are secesh, but we're not warring on women, I take it."

"As yet—no," was the thoughtful reply, "and may God forbid our having to come to it. But, my young friend, if you knew half what we know—and we don't begin to know half that those brainy, daring, scheming, smiling southern women are doing all around us—you might think the time close at hand when they, too, would have to be made amenable to the laws of war. It isn't a week since one of them ran off with one of our prisoners here, and you know what a trick was played by—Dr. Chilton's daughter."

And now indeed did Benton's face begin to burn, a thing the captain and the silent listeners were quick to note.

"You have your receipt for your prisoner, I presume. Then I'll not detain you further, only—come this way. We've got to question your friend Jennings next," and so saying the captain led his visitor through a second room where at crowded desks a score of clerks were writing. "When do you go to the white house?" he suddenly asked.

"I don't know. I expected to learn here. But I hoped to have time to get refreshened up a bit, and I need new——"

"Nonsense! You look as though you'd just stepped out of a bandbox in that uniform. Ask Mr. Stone to come here," he added, to a statuesque soldier at the door.

"The uniform may be all right, but what I need is sash and side arms," said Benton, still weighted with the traditions of his "regular" regiment.

"Never mind them! The president never notices what a man wears or knows what he himself has on. I

"NOT SO BAD."

suppose he wants to hear what you saw and heard—and something about the Chiltons, for they seem to be in hot water. Ah, Mr. Stone, what time was Mr. Benton to report to the white house?"

"I was to bring him over as soon as he arrived, sir. Is this the gentleman?" And a young man in civilian garb bowed courteously. Then, with a promise to return, as there were matters on which Gen. Thomas wished to question him, Benton hurried away.

It was not yet nine o'clock, but already half a dozen carriages were halted along the semi-circular drive in front of the mansion, and a number of pallid, anxious women and grave-visaged men were gathered about the beautiful, colonnaded portico. Through the waiting group the messenger swiftly led his charge. Mr. Stone led Benton to a long window facing the river and the heights of Arlington beyond, left him there and disappeared. A moment or two later that door opened, and the two secretaries did not even rise or discontinue their work. A tall, bony, man, with brown, sunken cheeks came striding in. Switching his tangling coat tails out of the way, the president unhinged somewhere about the middle and dropped on the edge of the table.

Laying his long, lean hand on Benton's knee, he bent earnestly toward him. "I need to know all you can tell me about Dr. Chilton and his family," said he. "Some of our vehement, war-to-the-hilt people are practically demanding the arrest of a southern family here to be dealt with in precisely the same way certain Virginians propose to deal with the doctor and that spirited daughter of his. No harm as yet," for here the young soldier's face had blanched and his eyes filled with dread and anguish. "No harm, that is—— Have we further news this morning?" he turned and asked the busy secretary at the nearest desk, tilting the while one long leg over the other and clasping the bony knee with both hands. "Your general gave us the particulars of your escape so far as you had told him, and it is noted that you in no way reveal the names of those who aided you, but now—— What is it, Mr. Nicholay?" for with solemn face, the confidential secretary, holding an open letter in his hand, now stood at the president's elbow. Mr. Lincoln took the paper, knitted his brows and began to read.

"It came from the secret service, Mr. President, not ten minutes ago," said the secretary. "Col. Baker, I believe, is in the ante-room."

Benton felt like gripping the arms of his chair, for the room seemed swimming as the president looked quickly up. "Not so bad," said he, "if we can only take care of them here. They have simply banished them—father and daughter, both."

CHAPTER XVI.

"STONEWALL" IN AMBUSH.

McClellan's guns were thundering almost at the gates of the confederate capital when sympathetic kinsfolk took the Chiltons to their hearth and home and strove to soothe the wrathful old man. The city filled up fast with wounded. Every house was a hospital, and then, when by his devotion and professional skill, the good doctor might soon have rehabilitated himself, he was taken ill. When he was well enough, or at least so pronounced, to move at all, the crisis at the capital was over. McClellan was gone. The seat of war had shifted to the north. Jack, exchanged and released, was again in saddle, and, how it was arranged Fred never heard until long after, father and daughter had been sent to Newport News with the wounded and exchanged, and thence had gone to the roof of the doctor's devoted sister in Washington. Once again had the great-hearted president sent for the general's aide-de-camp, and this time bade him go, meet the Chiltons and see them safely to their destination.

But that meeting had not made our Badger boy too happy. The doctor was aging fast and apparently breaking. Rosalie was stern and strange. Squire Benton, with Elinor, as he had long planned, hastened on to Washington when notified by wire that Fred had a week's leave from the front, and Fred's earnest, yet almost humble plea that he should be allowed to bring his father to see Dr. Chilton—his sister to see her—Rosalie had almost curtly refused. Then she had fairly stunned him by saying, "If you really wish to do me a favor, Mr. Benton, there is one man I'd like to meet, and that is—Maj. Lounsberry." Benton, should have known by the flash in her eye, the fury in her tone that for no sweet assurance did she so desire to see that distinguished Virginian, now every moment expectant of exchange. But in Benton's helpless, hopeless love, he was consumed with unreasoning jealousy. Yet it was through his planning, after all, that they met—the blue-eyed sister who so surely had read her brother's secret—the dark-eyed, chafing, fitful, fuming Virginia beauty who so surely held it. Washington was torrid and unwholesome; and just before Fred hurried back to the division he had brief conference with his father. The Chiltons would surely need money, said he, and as surely refuse it if tendered by them. Neither the doctor nor Rosalie began to know until long months thereafter that the ample means so readily supplied by the doctor's widowed sister came from that hard-headed, hard-fisted western lawyer, whose next move was to Cape May with Elinor; and there were they still recuperating at the Atlantic seaboard, the fathers already friends, the daughters still "on guard" at the very moment when Jack Chilton, scouting with the advance of Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, and Paul Ladue, riding the dim picket lines of Ewell's grim veterans, and Fred Benton, here at Buckland's, closing in with that strong, disciplined division, were dreaming not ten miles apart of what the morrow might bring forth.

Not until the shadows grew long across the stubble fields that lovely August evening came the first fierce grapple of that devoted brigade. Marching at dawn through Buckland's, they found the pike toward Gainesville crowded with Sigel's trains and teamsters through which they slowly forced a way, for, far in the eastward distance little snowball puffs, bursting sudden into view above the treetops, then drifting into vaporous nothing, told the shells were flying fast ahead, while similar, fleecy cloudlets against the dark background of the Bull Run range told equally of other fighting to their left and rear. The corps commander, with his one division, dived into the winding wood roads toward Manassas until brought up standing after two p. m. by disconcerting news from Pope—that the hare had not waited for the bag, that swift-footed Jackson had given them the slip, and wasn't where they looked for him at all. In point of fact, having no cavalry to do his looking for him, Pope didn't know where Jackson was.

It is three hours later when, bidding his biggest division obey its new orders, just received, McDowell, rides away to find his chieftain Pope and show him the field. Thereby he loses Pope, loses touch with his divisions, loses all chance of usefulness in the battle that is to close the day—poses, in fact, himself, for he cannot find his way to his own command over the field he knew so well the year before, even when signalled by the guiding thunder of the heaviest cannonade, the sullen crashing of the firecest volleying, those tangled woods have ever heard. At five or thereabouts comes staff officer from Pope with these astounding tidings: Jackson is located. Jackson has dared to cross Bull Run and march in the teeth of the coming corps of the Army of the Potomac. Reno and Kearny have followed his rear guard—Hill's light division—straight to Centreville. Where is Gen. McDowell? Here! Well, Gen. Pope's orders are for this, McDowell's corps, to retrace its steps to the Warrenton pike, then turn eastward and march forthwith on Centreville, whither Jackson, with all hands, has shifted his colors, and where Pope now proposes to apply the sack. Further orders will meet the corps on the way.

Now there is but one division to obey the order, but loud ring the bugles through the leafy woods. Up spring the men of the old brigade, refreshed by three hour's rest, with coffee and hard tack to comfort them ere starting, and, as the heads of columns reach the pike again and turn sturdily away eastward, some levelheaded band leader signals to his men, and the Black Hats set up a shout as the woods ring to the rollicking strains of "Ain't I glad to git out o' de Wilderness!"

Four brigades in solid column they swing along the broad, dry thoroughfare, full 6,000 boys in blue.

[To Be Continued.]

When the King Was a Boy.

When King Edward was a little boy, a party of Ojibway Indians, who were given an audience by Queen Victoria, caused him much amusement, and he ran about among them, pulling at their fringed leggings and examining their trappings without the slightest fear. One of the chiefs delighted him hugely by presenting him with an eagle's feather and a bear's claw, and also made the little prince a pretty speech, describing him in true Red Indian fashion as "the very big little White Father whose eyes are like the sky that sees all things, and who is fat with goodness like a winter bear."—London Tit-Bits.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy and His Dad Go to Russia to Stop the War—They Riot a Little and Dad Gets Lashed with a Cossack's Whip—He Takes a Hitch on the Grand Duke's Sledge, But Doesn't Ride Very Far.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.

(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

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St. Petersburg, Russia.—My Dear Groceryowski: Well, sir, I 'spose you will be surprised to hear from me in Russia, but there was no use talking when Dad said he was going to St. Petersburg if it was the last act of his life. He got talking with a Japaneser in Rome and the Jap said the war in the far east would last until every Russian was killed, unless America interfered to put a stop to it, and as Roosevelt didn't appear to have sand enough to offer his services to the czar, what it needed was for some representative American citizen who was brave and had nerve to go to St. Petersburg and see the czarovitch and give him the benefit of a good American talk. The Jap said the American who brought about peace, by a few well chosen remarks, would be the greatest man of the century, and would live to be bowed down to by kings and emperors and all the world would doff hats to him.

At first dad was a little leary about going on such a mission without credentials from Washington, but as luck would have it, he met an exiled Rus-

Told Dad That Nicholas Just Doted on Americans.

sian at a restaurant, who told dad that he reminded him of Gen. Grant, because dad had a wart on the side of his nose, and he told dad that Russia would keep on fighting until every Japanese was killed unless some distinguished American should be raised up who deemed it his duty to go to St. Petersburg and see the Little Father, and in the interest of humanity advise the czar to call a halt before he had exterminated the whole yellow race. Dad asked the Russian if he thought the czar would grant an audience to an American of eminence in his own country, and the Russian told dad that Nicholas just doted on Americans, and that there was hardly ever an American ballet dancer that went to Russia but what the czar sent for her to come and see him and dance before the grand dukes, and he always gave them jewels and cans of caviar as souvenirs of their visit.

Dad thought it over all night, and the next morning we started for Russia and I wish we had joined an expedition to discover the North Pole instead of coming here. Say, it is harder to get into Russia than it would be to get out of a penitentiary at home. At the frontier we were met by guards on horseback and on foot, policemen, detectives and other grafters, who took our passports and money, and one fellow made me exchange my socks with him. Then they imprisoned us in a stable with some cows until they could hold a coroner's inquest on our passports and divide our money. We slept with the cows the first night in Russia, and I do not want to sleep again with animals that chew cuds all night, and get up half a dozen times to hump up their backs and stretch and bellow. We never slept a wink, and could look out through the cracks in the stable and see the guards shaking dice for our money.

Finally they looked at the great seal on our passports and saw it was an American document, and they began to turn pale, as pale as a Russian can get without using soap, and when I said, "Washington, embassador, minister plenipotentiary, Roosevelt, Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, E Pluribus Unum, whoopla, San Juan Hill," and pointed to dad, who was just coming out of the stable, looking like Washington at Valley Forge, the guards and other robbers bowed to dad, gave him a bag full of Russian money in place of that which they had taken away, and let us take a freight train for St. Petersburg, and they must have told the train men who we were, because everybody on the cars took off their hats to us, and divided their lunch with us.

Dad could not understand the change in the attitude of the people towards us until I told him that they took him for a distinguished American statesman, and that as long as we were in Russia he must try to look like George Washington and act like Theodore Roosevelt, so every little while dad would stand up in the aisle of the car and pose like George Washington and when anybody gave him a sandwich or a cigarette he should show his teeth and say, "Delighted," and all the way to St. Petersburg dad carried out his part of the programme and we were not robbed once on the trip, but dad tried to smoke one of the cigarettes that was given him by a Cossack, and he died in my arms, pretty near.

They make cigarettes out of baled hay that has been used for beddings and covered with paper that has been used to poison flies. I never smelled anything so bad since they fumigated our house by the board of health after the hired girl had smallpox.

Well, we got to St. Petersburg in an awful time, and went to a hotel, suspected by the police, and marked as undesirable guests by the Cossacks, and winked at by the walking delegates and strikers who thought we were non-union men looking for their jobs.

The next day the religious ceremony of "blessing the Neva" took place, where all the population gets out on the bank of the river, with overshoes on, and fur coats, and looks down on the river, covered with ice four feet thick, and the river is blessed. In our country the people would damn a river that had ice four feet thick, but in Russia they bless anything that will stand it. We got a good place on the bank of the river, with about a million people who had sheepskin coats on, and who steamed like a sheep ranch, and were enjoying the performance, looking occasionally at the Winter palace, where the czar was peeking out of a window, wondering from which direction a bomb would come to blow him up, when a battery of artillery across the river started to fire a salute, and then the devil was to pay. It seems that the gentlemen who handled the guns, and who were supposed to fire blank cartridges into the air, put in loaded cartridges, filled with grape shot, and took aim at the Winter palace, and cut loose at Mr. Czar.

Well, you would have been paralyzed to see the change that came over that crowd, blessing the river one minute and damning the czar and the grand dukes the next. The shot went into the Winter palace and tore the furniture and ripped up the ceiling of the room the czar was in, and in a moment all was chaos, as though every Russian knew the czar was to be assassinated at that particular moment, and all rushed toward the Winter palace as though they expected pieces of the Little Father would be thrown out the window for them to play football with. For a people who are supposed to be lawful and law-abiding, and who love their rulers, it seemed strange to see them all so tickled when they thought he was blown higher than a kite by his own soldiers.

Dad and I started with the crowd for the Winter palace, and then we had a taste of monarchial government. The crowd was rushing over us and dad got mad and pulled off his coat and said he could whip any confounded foreigner that rubbed against him with a sheepskin coat on, and he was just on the point of smiting a fellow with whiskers that looked like scrambled bristles off a black hog when a regiment of Cossacks came down on the crowd riding horses like a wild west show, and with whips in their hands, with a dozen lashes to each whip, and they began to lash the crowd and ride over them, while the people covered their faces with their arms, and run away, afraid of the whips, which cut and wound and kill, as each lash has little lead bullets fastened to them and a stroke of the whip is like being shot with

Shaking Dice for Our Money.

buck shot or kicked with a frozen boot.

Well, sir, dad was going to show the Cossacks that he was pretty near an American citizen and didn't propose to be whipped like a school boy by a teacher that looked like a valentine, so he tried to look like George Washington defying the British, but it didn't work, for a Cossack rode right up to him and lashed him over the back (and about 15 buck shot in his whip took dad right where the pants are tight when you bend over to pick up something) and the Cossack laughed when dad straightened up and started to run.

I never saw such a change in a man as there was in dad. He started for our hotel, and as good a sprinter as I am I couldn't keep up with him, but I kept him in sight. Before we got to the hotel a sledge came along, not an "old sledge," such as you play with cards, high-low-Jack-game, but a sort of a sleigh, with three horses abreast, and I yelled to dad to take a hitch on the sledge, and he grabbed on with his feet on the runners, and a man in the sledge with a uniform on, who seemed to be a grand duke, 'cause everybody was chasing him and yelling to head him off, hit dad in the nose with the butt of a revolver, and dad fell off in the snow and the crowd that was chasing the grand duke picked dad up and carried him on their shoulders because they thought he had tried to assassinate the duke, and we were escorted to our hotel by the strikers.

We didn't know what they were, but you can tell the laboring men here

And Lashed Him Over the Back.

because they wear blouses and look hungry, and when they left us the landlord notified the police that suspicious characters were at the hotel, and came there escorted by the mob, and the police surrounded the house and dad went to our room and used witch hazel on himself where the Cossack hit him with the loaded whip. He says Russia will pay pretty dear for that stroke of the whip by the Cossack, and I think dad is going to join the revolution that is going to be pulled off next Sunday.

They are going to get about a million men to take a petition to the czar, workingmen and anarchists, and dad says he is going as an American anarchist who is smarting from injustice, and I guess no native is smarting more than dad is, 'cause he has to stand up to eat and lie on his stummick to sleep. There is going to be a hades of a time here in St. Petersburg this next week, and dad and I are going to be in it clear up to our necks.

Dad has given up trying to see the czar about stopping the war and says the czar and the whole bunch can go plum (to the devil) and he will die with the mob and follow a priest who is stirring the people to revolt.

Gee, I hope dad will not get killed here and be buried in a trench with a thousand Russians, smelling as they do.

I met a young man from Chicago, who is here selling reapers for the harvester trust, and he says if you are once suspected of having sympathy with the working people who are on a strike you might just as well say your prayers and take rough on rats, 'cause the Cossacks will get you, and he would advise me and dad to get out of here pretty quick, but when I told dad about it he put one hand on his heart and the other on his pants and said: "Arnica, arnica, arnica!" and the police that were on guard near his room thought he meant anarchy, and they sent four detectives to stay in dad's room.

The people here, the Chicago young man told me, think the Cossacks are human hyenas, that they have had their hearts removed by a surgical operation when young, and a piece of gizzard put in in place of the heart, and that they are natural murderers, the sight of blood acting on them the same as champagne on a human being, and that but for the Cossacks Russia would have a population of loving subjects that would make it safe for the Little Father to go anywhere in Russia unattended, but with Cossacks ready to whip and murder and laugh at suffering the people are becoming like men bitten by rabid dogs, and they froth at the mouth and have spasms and carry bombs up their sleeves, ready to blow up the members of the royal family, and there you are.

If you do not hear from me after next Sunday you can put dad's obituary and mine in the local papers and say we died of an overdose of Cossack. If we get through this revolution alive you will hear from me, but this is the last revolution I am going to attend. Yours,

HENNERY.

Degeneracy Versus Race Suicide

By DR. E. S. TALBOT,

Of Illinois Medical College, Chicago.

The woman of to-day is physically unable to provide sufficient nourishment to her offspring after bearing four or five children. Her strength is greatly exhausted in the majority of cases, and without proper nourishment the child, when it comes into the world, is imperfect in one part or another, and as it grows there is arrested development in some portion of the body. It may be that the mind will not develop properly, or the development of the face may be arrested, or the degeneracy may take the form of physical deformity.

One of the greatest causes of present day degeneracy is the society fad of entertaining young women about to be married. For a period of two or three weeks before her wedding the young society woman is entertained and feted continually. She indulges excessively and when she is married her nervous system is completely tired out.

Though degeneracy is usually caused by arrested development arising from nervous disorder, it is sometimes caused by excessive development. Excesses are the usual causes of degeneracy. Generally the public has an idea that a degenerate is a criminal or an insane person. This is a false idea. The deaf, the dumb, the insane, constitutional liars, egotists and oversmart business men whom we find in all walks of life are degenerates.

The nervous conditions that produce degeneracy come from excessive use of alcohol, coffee, tea or excessive eating. Many degenerates become so through excessive eating. Overeating produces a condition of the arteries which causes arrested development in some portion of the body or the brain, which later results in apoplexy or heart lesion.

VINDICATION OF MORTON.

How the Relegated Job of Whitewashing Has Been Resuscitated.

When the "square deal" was inaugurated it was expected that the whitewash brush and pail would be relegated to the political property room and for awhile it was like the big stick so laid away. But the exigencies of party politics have compelled whitewashing to be again resorted to and as if to make up for lost time the coat laid on to Mr. Paul Morton, the late secretary of the navy, is the primest and most artistic job that has probably ever been accomplished. It has amazed the nation by the masterful way in which the wash was applied, and it has staggered the old politicians of the national capital by the sudden change from the hue of the Ethiopian to the vivid whiteness of the vindication. It is seldom that trim political barometer, the Washington Post, becomes rattled at any sudden change of the political temperature, but even its general state of contentment and sang froid was overcome, for in its comment on this latest strenuous jot of President Roosevelt it said:

"A fact that stands out in terrifying sharpness in the correspondence of the president and Attorney General Moody regarding Mr. Paul Morton and the Santa Fe rebate scandal is that the Santa Fe is a corporation of uncontrollably evil propensities—a cold-blooded calculating, persistent violator of the law. On the other hand, the officers of the Santa Fe are not only observers of the law, but one of them, Mr. Morton, is the champion who made it possible to secure an injunction against the monster. The officers of the Santa Fe have done the best they could to curb the lawlessness of their corporation, but it plunged wildly on, while they stood powerless and aghast. They are no more to be blamed, says Mr. Morton, than if it were a case of a misplaced switch resulting in a bad wreck. They did their duty, and if there was a violation of law, nobody is to blame. 'All of our orders were carefully considered and carefully issued,' he says, 'but, so far as this particular case is concerned, seem to have been overlooked.'

"When Attorney General Moody went outside of his department to secure the services of two eminent lawyers for the investigation of the Santa Fe scandal, it was a commentary on the evident scarcity of good material in the department of justice for such work. But the bold—almost over-bold—official statement that these able gentlemen had been instructed to probe the matter to the bottom was an assurance that the task was a grave one, too difficult for the regular officers of the department of justice. It was also taken to mean that the investigation would be made without the possibility of a whitewash, which might have been the case if subordinate officials were to investigate a scandal involving a member of the cabinet.

"Messrs. Harmon and Judson did their work thoroughly—too thoroughly by far. They appear to have taken their instructions too literally. They made the mistake, too, of confounding the Santa Fe as a corporation with the Santa Fe officials. Obviously they had no idea that the Santa Fe had burst from the control of its officers, and was dashing headlong on its own pathway. 'We have no doubt,' they reported, 'that the laws have been violated by the traffic officers of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company,' and they recommend prompt proceedings against them. Of course, the investigators were set right by Attorney General Moody, and, their report being palpably disappointing, their resignations were accepted.

"It is difficult to tear a monster away from its feast, but Mr. Morton must learn to rule, even if he is forced to wean his company from a good thing. It is to be hoped that he will be successful in preventing a mutiny among his subordinates in the Equitable, such as that which made the Santa Fe uncontrollable.

"As for the Santa Fe, it is a bad, wicked, diabolical corporation, which must be hunted down and punished at all hazards. On with the good work."

SLOW AT TRUST BUSTING.

Nothing of Practical Service Has Been Accomplished by Republicans.

There is something wrong with this trust busting business. When the Northern Securities company, known as the railroad combine in the northwest, was declared unlawful, the people of those states where that octopus flourished were in the seventh heaven of delight, and considered reduced freight and passenger charges a certainty. They have been disappointed and the same old rates are still being exacted.

When the beef trust was dissolved by the federal court for conspiring in restraint of trade, we all expected a reduction in beef prices. We are all disappointed, for the old prices still prevail. The prosecution of the coal and paper trust seems to have a similar effect, for the price of coal and paper has not diminished.

Now this way of busting trusts is no doubt the legal way of doing it, for there are numerous assistant attorney generals being paid reasonably large salaries, much more than they could earn elsewhere, to prosecute the trusts, and congress appropriated $500,000 to pay their fees and the legal expenses, but the results obtained have all been legal victories, and of no practical service to their employers, the American people. These attorneys were selected as the best republican talent available, but either they do not understand the art of trust busting or peradventure if even one trust was actually put out of commission the other trusts would take fright, and the occupation of trust busting would be obsolete.

Looking at the political advantage of trust busting, from the administration standpoint, of course it is not desirable to control all the trusts by putting a few trust magnates behind the bars. That would close out the only real good political asset the party in power possesses.

Those voters who have been indulging for the past ten years or more in their republican debauch are slowly awakening to the fact that trust busting is not a republican accomplishment, but rather that trust fostering has been, and is, its most noted achievement.